MISS VIRGINIA

Penrhyn Stanlaus

Sung by Dorothy Morton

Words by Gene Jefferson, music by Bob Irving

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MISS VIRGINIA.

By JEFFERSON & IRVING,
Arr. by WM. POLLA.

Intro.

1. Done heard a lot 'bout some
2. She's got dia - monds to lose, she has

Till ready.

hot coons in town, But I guess a - bout de warm - est in de lot
all kinds of clothes, She's a hum - mer that has made the dark - ies talk.

Am Miss Vir-gin - ia, de queen of all Coon-town, Whose style has par - a - lyzed dem on de
For ev - 'ry coon has a - hoo-dooed dis gal, But she nev - er fails to win out in a

spot. She's a choc - 'late cul - led la - dy,
walk. Ev - 'ry inch a la - dy right through, A

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Cul - led gents from black to sha - dy. All cast at her a long - ing
thor- ough-bred, whose blood is true blue, A sol - i - taire they'd like to

eye, And they mur - mur this when she goes by: "Oh!
own, But no pref - er - ence this gal has shown.

CHORUS. *p*

Miss Vir - gin - ia, can I win yer? Tell me, hon-ey, tell me, do;....

p

I'm so lone - ly, be mine on - ly; Hon-ey, I love you.

ff

Miss Vir - gin - ia, can I win yer? Tell me, hon-ey, tell me, do;...

ff

I'm so lone - ly, be mine on - ly; Hon-ey, I love you.".....

CHORUS. Ad lib.

How I wish dat black gal was mine; She's the

real thing and right in line; Sweet as mel-ons just from the vine; Miss Virginia, how I'd love to call you

ba - by mine. Miss Vir - gin - ia, can I win yer? Tell me, hon - y, tell me.

do; I'm so lone-ly, be mine on - ly; Hon-ey, I love you.....

8va.